A NEW

SONG

For *Thursday* the 17th of MAY, 1750.

[To the Tune of the COBLER.]

I.

WHoever they be, they're the weakeſt of Fools,
Who think that the Clergy are nothing but Tools;
To prove that they know their true Intereſt, I ſay,
You need only look back to the Seventeenth of *May*.
Derry down, down, &c.

II.

'Tis true, that ſome few unlearn'd Laymen pretend,
We've taken wrong Means to obtain a right End:
We value not how ſuch declaim or diſſent,
But reſolve, right or wrong, to addreſs P—l—m—t.
Derry down, &c.

III.

No longer Delays in a Matter ſo clear!
We've all Things to hope for, and nothing to fear;
The Gentry, (a puny contemptible Crew)
Will ne'er be compar'd to the Black and the Blew.
Derry down, &c.

IV.

But, who are your Patrons—'tis ask'd with a Sneer?
I profeſs 'tis diverting ſuch Queſtions to hear!
With a C——g, and P——n, and S—l at our Head,
Who's afraid of Succeſs is a Coward indeed.
Derry down, &c.

Brave

V.

Brave Dr—m our plight Anchor, his S—n the chief Mate,
We will weather the Storm, tho' never ſo great;
Give me, ſaid he, but a full Repreſentation,
In C—nſc—nce I'll down with all Oppoſition.
Derry down, &c.

VI.

But, where are the Funds, will the C—m—ns not ask?
To tell this, I admit, is a difficult Task:
We leave to their Wiſdom the Ways and the Means,
Only J—ph aſſures us there's Plenty of Tiends.
Derry down, &c.

VII.

Our Oppoſers alledge the Scheme is a Bubble;
If it be, it has coſt us a World of Trouble:
M—tth—w too made long Calculs before he could ſee,
That Nine would yield juſt three Times as much as Three.
Derry down, &c.

VIII.

Young E——t was certainly wrong in the Head,
When he mentioned a Scheme every Layman ſhould dread:
Pious Nathan agreed, if, to ſweeten our Lives,
We're ſecured in the Tithes of the Heritors Wives.
Derry down, &c.

IX.

The Alm—n—r told us, and vow'd it was true,
He had ſeen a Clergyman holding his Plough;
The Tale he adorned with Eloquence great,
And, well pleas'd with himſelf, return'd to his Seat.
Derry down, &c.

X.

Many Things I would ſay of my Favourite P—r,
But find it is hard to reduce them to Metre;
Only this much, as certain, all Men muſt allow,
The gen'rous good Soul acts from no ſelfiſh View.
Derry down, &c.

XI.

No Mortal can boaſt of a Heart more ſincere,
As he told us himſelf, in his Speech the laſt Year;
And prettily, too, did he tell, with a Sigh,
How poor Miniſters weep o'er their Inkhorns when dry.
Derry down, &c.

XII.

Nor will I forget, jolly P—n, thy Merit!
Nor how you behav'd in the Club with ſuch Spirit,
To whom you could with a ſafe Conſcience declare,
You'd be ſteddy and firm as the Legate of Ayre,
Derry down, &c.

XIII.

Deareſt S—l, 'tis with Raptures I mention thy Name,
Thy benevolent Soul firſt projected the Scheme,
On Fame's ſpreading Wings ſhall thy Labours be born,
And Bumpers go round to the Parſon of S——n.
Derry down, &c.

XIV.

For the Loſs of your Chair I was vexed to the Heart,
As in this we perform'd but a daſtardly Part;
But thy Treatment M–cL–g–n is doubly ſevere,
Twice deceiv'd by the Men you imagin'd ſincere.
Derry down, &c.

XV.

No Wonder that Thoma did tell thro' the Town,
That C——g had two Eyes, while you had but one;
No Comfort remains, you are not to appear
Before H—rr—g, the Ch—c'll—r, the S—k—r nor May'r.
Derry down, &c.

XVI.

The Men of A——ll we could ſcarcely believe
Would, in Face of K—kb—ie, ſo nobly behave
'Tis certain their Patron's againſt Application,
However, 'tis thought, they have got Diſpenſation.
Derry down, &c.

Go

XVII.

Go on, said Nigellus, you know what I mean;
I pity the Brethren, but am Third of a D——n;
No Trimming, cry'd L—dſ—y, a young Politician,
And then gave his Vote againſt all Augmentation.
Derry down, &c.

XVIII.

Colinus bawl'd out, The Fellow's uncivil;
F—l—y then, I do hear, with'd him e'en to the Devil:
While Philibeg call'd for a Rope and a Halter,
And ev'ry brave Fellow, No Quarter, no Quarter!
Derry down, &c.

XIX.

How the Uproar went on, and what Things then eſſu'd
Can not be brought into this Tale of a Tub:
All ended, you know, in a Hurry of Pleaſure;
We've carried the Vote, and are ſure of the Treaſure.
Derry down, &c.

XX.

Tho' a Sh——p did the Cauſe of his Brethren betray,
We ſuſpect not a P——n, whate'er People ſay,
That he'll imp'ouſly barter our principal Aim
For P——gle's Nutſhells, or G——n's whipt Cream.
Derry down, &c.

XXI.

In C——g we truſt. 'He's a Liar who ſaid
A Spectre approach'd to W-gg-ſh-w's Bed;
Watch over thy P——r, aloud cry'd the Spright,
For we all know what paſt at L-hm-b-n that Night.
Derry down, &c.

XXII.

Now having encourag'd my Friends as I cou'd,
I add but two Lines more, and ſo ſhall conclude:
Our ſage Plenipos will ſoon reach the great Town,
See St. Pauls and the Lyons, and then they'll come down.
Derry down, &c.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.